COLUMBIA S. C.
COLUMBIA BIBLE COLLEGE LIBRARY

Brother Stettler's Visit to Germany

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

COLUMBIA BIBLE COLLEGE LIBRARY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

—*Isaiah* 55.10, 11.

Published Bi-monthly by the

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

OFFICERS

Rev. George H. Dowkontt, M.D. ..... President
Rev. Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt.D. ..... Vice-President
Rev. George A. Simons, D.D. ..... Assistant Treasurer
Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years: 10c per copy

VOL. XXX
No. 4

JULY-AUGUST
1949

OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXX
No. 4

JULY-AUGUST
1949

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

"Rise Above It"

Dear American Comrades:-

Information reached us recently that "America fears but does not expect a depression." This statement came from the New York correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph. I have never liked that word "depression." The great American financial crash in 1929 was called "the depression." Franklin D. Roosevelt said at that time: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

A friend of ours, a helpless cripple almost from birth, wrote a booklet entitled, "Rise Above It." He certainly carried out the admonition given in the title of his testimony. With a joyful spirit, he could even rejoice in tribulation. This cripple loved the Word of God. It was meat and drink to him day by day. People would shake hands with him, just to catch the sunshine of God's love on his countenance.

Now think of Europe! Depression finds its way into the Mission Field. That snake-in-the-grass called Communism is testing old and young in God's service. Fear springs up, then down goes the spiritual temperature. Souls cannot be won in a depressed atmosphere. "Rise above it," says our friend. Be like Paul: "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." The living Christ, the enthroned Christ, the Coming Saviour and Deliverer. What a hope! What a glad determination! Put your foot down, and say, "By God's grace I'll rise above it!"

Let us pray for one another. Those on the field might give ten minutes a day to pray for America and true repentance among Church members. Those under Uncle Sam's flag must likewise give time to remember the tested labourers on the field. Communism and Satanism combine to close doors everywhere. The time is truly short. Avoid all sensational, excitable praying. Let the Word of God dwell in you richly. More can be done in ten minutes with faith in God's promises, than by shouting all night long for a Revival that may come by *impression* and end in *depression*. Remember in prayer, also, those in mental homes. Do not forget these sufferers.

I am still reading, as time permits, Dr. A. C. Gaebelein's book, "God's Masterpiece." The first three chapters of Ephesians are made powerful by the author. Fear may come and test us, but we "rise above it." Hallelujah! "Far above all." Yes, it is the work of the Holy Spirit. Give Him room, liberty, trust, and confidence. He is working out His purpose on Europe's battlefield for perishing souls. Therefore pray—expect answers—hold on. Give liberally, and "smile at the storm."

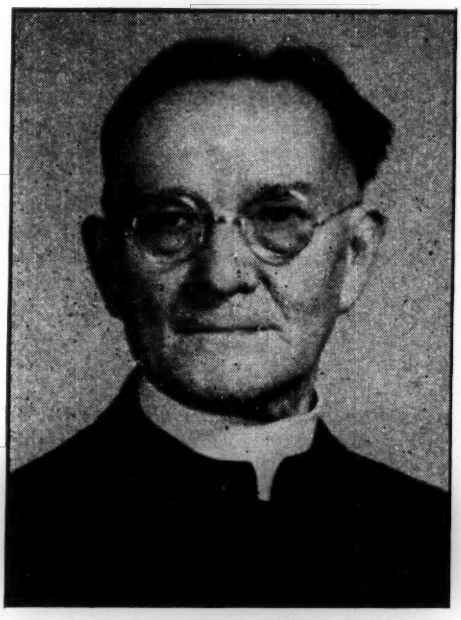
Yours for the salvation of Europe's millions,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

Thirty Years of the Fellowship



REV. NORMAN J. SMITH
(1872-1946)

During the period of the Fellowship's history which we are to study this month, and also for many years before and after it, the work of this society was largely guided by the late Rev. Norman J. Smith. From the time of his first connection with its ancestor-societies in 1922, to his death in 1946, he bore in large measure the responsibility of formulating its policies and putting them into practice. As the years passed, an increasing amount of the detail-work devolved upon him. To his duties as editor of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, he brought a fund of experience acquired during his early years in newspaper work, as well as a great love of the printed page, and a natural gift of clear, lucid exposition. In constant loyal cooperation with Dr. Gaebelein, Dr. Dowkontt, and other beloved leaders of the Fellowship, he toiled unceasingly to keep the society on a firm foundation, both doctrinally and financially. The missionaries on the field, in particular, sensed his fatherly care, expressed in warmly beautiful letters and in many deeds of kindness; so that one of them wrote us at the time of his death: "I do not believe that Mr. Smith had a single thought or wish which was not bound up with our dear Fellowship." He may in a very real sense be thought of as the "father" of the American-European Fellowship, and his home-going left the society and its members profoundly bereaved. His works do follow him.

We are to consider the years 1936 to 1940. As this period opened, Tordis Christoffersen was writing from Poland, John Kovalchuk from Carpathian Russia, Fred and Martha Stettler also from Poland. Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Hill were laboring in Roumania, Charles and Edna Lukesh in Czechoslovakia. There were many other native workers, whose names cannot all be mentioned here. Dr. Yuk was lecturing and doing personal work in Czechoslovakia.

Miss Christoffersen received threatening letters, telling her that if she did not leave the country, she would suffer the same fate which had befallen our martyred missionary, Miss Mott. In renewing her visa, the officials had her sign a statement that she had been warned and had taken everything into account. She wrote: "All the responsibility for my life is now my own—I am the Lord's, for life or death."

Following a brief but painful illness, our distinguished missionary in Roumania, Rev. Richard W. Hill, was called Home on March 6, 1936. All who knew him have spoken of his warm and hearty personality, and his devo-

tion to the work of God in Roumania and throughout the world. The Mildmay Mission to the Jews shared with the Fellowship the responsibility for his support. The whole town of Siret, where his ministry had centered, mourned for him. Mrs. Hill went to England, where their son Richard had been in school, and later on, both came to America. Richard is now a young doctor, earnestly serving his Lord. We treasure our continued fellowship, through letters and prayers, with Mrs. Hill.

A new and valued missionary was sent forth by the Fellowship in June, 1936, when Miss Emmy H. Steyrer, under our auspices, arrived in her native land of Austria. At Salzburg, at Vienna, and in her native town of Muran in Styria, she began what was to be a devoted and fruitful ministry.

An ominous note is sounded: Miss Christoffersen reports that when she visited a children's hospital in Danzig, she was greeted with uplifted hands and the cry: "Heil Hitler!" But she had the names of about 500 children and young people in Warsaw, whom she visited, in whose homes she was welcome.

Dr. James Yuk realized the dream of many years, when he went out to Palestine in 1937. Here he began his distinguished ministry as a Christian physician, in Tel Aviv and Jaffa.

Dr. and Mrs. Arno C. Gaebelein, on a trip abroad in the summer of 1937, visited Pastor Max Monsky at Innsbruck. Miss Steyrer reports how Dr. Gaebelein spoke at their meetings in Vienna, and was gladly heard by all.

A son was born to Fred and Martha Stettler, and a son also to our worker in Bulgaria, who requests that for the sake of her personal safety we do not mention her name in these pages at present. In 1937, she left her husband and young child in the homeland, and came to the United States for a speaking trip and for fellowship with those of the home office. Two distinguished supporters of the Fellowship were called to be with the Lord: Mr. Alwyn Ball, Jr., and Pastor Herbert Hogg, whose devoted service has previously been described here.

Miss Christoffersen was obliged to leave Poland, as her visa could not be renewed. She was much in need of rest after her exhausting period of service there.

As war-clouds began to gather on Europe's horizon, our missionaries bravely continued their service. One of them cried appealingly in a letter: "Pray that the Lord may help me to put through my dream." Mr. Smith wrote in the magazine for December, 1938: "Is there one worker anywhere in Europe who is not right now in need of our most earnest prayers that the Lord will shield them from the dangers which seem to lie so close at hand? So many are already under the war clouds; so many seem on the verge of being made to seek new fields, with their present work half done or just beginning to show signs of a rich harvest of souls."

At the beginning of the second World War, the Fellowship listed thirty-eight missionaries which it was supporting, wholly or in part, in eleven different countries. Some of these were native workers, who have not been heard from since the war, and are presumably dead. Others, however, experienced miraculous deliverances. Charles and Edna Lukesh left Czechoslovakia only two days before Hitler overran it. Miss Christoffersen was ministering in Paris. The Stettlers were forced to leave Poland, their visa not being renewed. They were providentially brought to neutral Switzerland, whence they carried on a wonderful relief ministry through the whole period of hostilities. Rev. and Mrs. John Kovalchuk left Carpathian Russia for Argentina, leaving behind their daughter Anna, who had recently been married.

The missionaries stood firm and faithful, but in many cases our connections with them were lost, as the tempest of horror broke upon the world.

(To be continued)

Brother Stettler's Visit to Germany

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, June, 1949.

Very dear Friends:-

There is hardly a week passes that one or another of you does not write us, or send some practical and helpful message of encouragement to the missionary treasurer or to us directly. A few of you have now and then gotten a short message of acknowledgment and thanks. The calendar reminds us that already half of the year must be counted as an affair of the past, and we desire to write you a short semi-annual general letter, to encourage fellowship in prayer and keep up interest in the work that the Lord has entrusted to our care. For every message of love, assurance of prayer for us, for every proof of understanding sympathy in our difficulties, and for every gift and parcel designated for the various branches of the work, we desire to thank you all warmly. They have been a real source of encouragement to us.

Many pastors, preachers and Christian workers in occupied countries, visiting the ill and destitute in their homes, hospitals and refugee barracks, felt, after having prayed and spoken to their souls, that there should be some added and very substantial help to accompany their spiritual message. In hundreds of cases they confidentially gave them our address in Switzerland, as a last hope, where they could write for possible relief. Hundreds of such letters have been received. Thus, we were often able to supply medicines that could not be gotten, send clothes and shoes to grown-ups and the children at home, encourage with necessary food, etc. With each love-gift package we send a book or booklet with a spiritual message from the Word of God. During the first half of the year some 320 packages, of eleven or twelve pounds each, were mailed to individuals. The addresses are nearly all sent in and recommended by pastors, preachers and Christian workers, who report to us the most urgent cases. This refugee work alone costs about $250.00 per month.

However, the Christian testimony cannot stop and be satisfied with "tongues of men and of angels," and lack practical charity and true brotherly love, if it does not want to become as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." It has happened that a certain Christian church has spent two or three thousand dollars for church bells, while they did not seem to be able to take care of a destitute refugee family in their own town. Such challenges are very dangerous in an age run wild in socialistic and communistic schemes.

It will now soon be four years that the unending stream of refugees has poured into Western Europe. These people come from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and the Baltic States. About fourteen millions are crowded into the already overpopulated districts of Western Germany. Among them are thousands of believers from Roumania and Poland, among whom we formerly labored for some thirteen years. Since the outbreak of the war, we have been separated, and in hundreds of letters we have read: "When will you come and visit us?" Many waters cannot quench love, neither floods drown it. Thus I felt a heavy obligation to go and visit my brethren. Other reasons, very important, and more of a business nature, related to the refugee work, made this trip urgent. If there was a possibility to reduce our relief work to an absolute minimum, I thought, we should be much relieved.

The second reason was the purchasing of a large new Gospel tent for Southern Germany. By the way, this Gospel tent is already in very blessed and fruitful service at the time of this writing. Could we find a better way,

a cheaper way? Was there anything better to be done in the construction? Could we not better and sooner get one here on the continent, and in the country itself where it was to be used in service? This I was fully to ascertain.

Some of the Swiss newspapers have had big headlines: "Germany eats better than England." Is this true? Do we, at very heavy sacrifices, feed these people, while they live better than some of us? Another newspaper had a headline: "Germany has a milk flood." Is this true? Why do we send milk powder and condensed milk, by the thousands of pounds, to the needy, if that newspaper is telling the truth? I felt that I must go and see for myself. I owed it to those people. I owed it to the Christian people in Switzerland and America, who have liberally given of their means toward the refugee work. How is the improvement in the food and clothing situation? Is it sufficient to stop the relief work? This question made me go to Germany.

The first stop I made was in Frankfurt-am-Main, with a Christian worker and his refugee family from Roumania, whom I had not seen for twenty-three years. We sat up till the early hours of the morning, exchanging thoughts and fellowship with one another. But since I was to visit between fifteen and twenty cities and towns, I could stay in each place only one or two days.

I paid a visit to the headquarters of the Union of Free Churches at Bad Homburg. There I met a number of Christian leaders, who had good suggestions in regard to my travelling program. At every place the greatest courtesy and friendliness were evident. Four days I spent with our Polish Christian workers (all refugees), in fellowship, prayer and Bible study. I visited their dwellings, and slept with them in their crowded living-quarters. In many places they have one bed above the other. In most places they have one or two rooms for large families. Some ten or twelve Christian workers ate in such a small room, you would never think it was possible. At night they put out the table, so that the same room could be used for a sleeping-room.

From among these workers we got very valuable information in regard to many problems that any and every refugee organization must deal with. On the whole, we had done a great deal of good. The help reached its destination. The gifts were justly and evenly distributed. Many showed me the clothes we had sent them. At many tables I ate food that they had received from Switzerland or America. In many places I saw the famous CARE boxes being used for all kinds of purposes. Hundreds thanked me for food and clothes and told me this was their "salvation" during the starvation period. To me, a Swiss, it was quite hard to drink artificial coffee, in many cases without sugar or milk, unless they had received some from a foreign country.

FRED STETTLER.

(To be continued)

She Gives Herself with Her Gifts

Vienna, Austria, May 25, 1949.

Dear American Friends:-

It was a stormy day in March when I was on my way to one of the settlements situated at the city limits. The snow and rain beat in my face, and the wind almost tore the coat off my back. I had to go, for I had promised to be there, and I did not mind the weather. My coat was good and firm, and would not let the water through so quickly; and my head was protected by a soft, warm hood that had come from America, and which I wore for

EMMY H. STEYRER

the first time that day. Before I took the tram for the settlement I went to see a lady of our congregation, a dear child of God, who has suffered agonies day and night, for over a year and a half, with a bad affliction of the trigeminous nerve in the right side of her face. We prayed together, and before I left she admired my hood and said: "If I only had something like this, something nice and warm to put on, I would not so much mind going out in this storm; but I have nothing to put around my aching face, no warm underwear, no warm stockings. And yet I have to go to the doctor for my injections, or I can't stand the awful pain."

She is the widow of a doctor of medicine, and used to be very well off, but now she has lost everything. I felt so sorry for her, so I went across to our mission, took off the hood, turned it inside out so that she might not notice that it was the one I had just worn myself, and together with some good warm underwear and a pair of stockings which I had just received from my dear friends in America, I took it over to her. And oh, how glad she was! The next day she told me she had put the things on right away, and they were such a comfort to her. It strengthened her faith in the Lord, who says: "Before they call, I will answer." We both hope that He will deliver her from her terrible suffering.

We prayed that the Lord might bless the dear people in America who sent these special things that proved such a help to her. I always think it is such a pity that God's dear children over there cannot see how much good they are doing by their sacrifices, what a help their gifts are to many of our needy people, and what joy they bring to these poor sufferers. I was filled with joy and thanksgiving on my way out to the settlement, so I forgot all about the cold and wet and storm; and the people out there noticed it on my face, and opened the doors to me, and listened to God's wonderful message of His Salvation.

The Lord begins now to open doors that were fast closed until a few months ago, and the work looks much more hopeful now. In the beginning it seemed almost impossible to reach the people or to get in touch with them. We kept on praying, but nothing moved. Then one of the women suggested that we invite them to an informal meeting where we would serve light refreshments, and this would give us all a chance to get better acquainted. I wrote them little notes of invitation, and to my great joy, eight women came. The lady who lets us use her kitchen for the meetings made the coffee, the other one baked the cake (of course I had to bring everything that was needed for it). First we talked about their husbands and children, their homes and gardens and various problems, just to come to know each other a little. Then we sang some songs, and I read a good little story to them about God's love and mercy; and after that we enjoyed the coffee, and then we had a simple Bible study hour. Some of these women don't know any more about the Lord than people out in heathen lands. It seems almost unbelievable in a so-called Christian country, but it is so. Yet they listened quite attentively. Afterwards I overheard two young women talking together, and one said: "It was very interesting. I never knew how it would be, for

I have never been to such a meeting before; but I am coming again, I want to hear more." And they did come, and they even find now that the two weeks between are too long. They want me to come every week, but I can't, because I have to take care of another settlement; so I come one week to Breitenlee, the next to Aspern, and then again to Breitenlee.

We also succeeded, with God's help, in starting a work among the children out there, and it is progressing nicely. Praise the Lord! Please help us pray that it may not be in vain, but that mothers and children may find the Lord and be saved.

The whole of Austria needs a revival. The entire people is far from God. Some have never known Him, others are backsliders. We are now about fifteen women who have banded ourselves together lately and promised to pray every morning at six o'clock, in our homes or wherever we are, just being united in the Spirit, earnestly asking God to send a revival, and trusting Him to fulfill His promises in John 14., 15., 16. and others. Pray for us, that our faith may be strengthened while we pray, and that none of us may get discouraged or give up if the answer does not come quickly.

I wish all the friends of the Fellowship might read once more the little article which Mr. Stettler wrote in THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD for July-August, 1948, entitled, "What Europe Needs." Every word of it is true. We in Austria are right in the midst of it, and just for that reason I am almost surprised sometimes that more people who don't know God, nor anything of the life hereafter, don't take to the "rope" or the "gas" more often, to put an end to their hopeless suffering and unspeakable misery. God is our only hope and refuge, and knowing this, we are driven to the mercy-seat to cry to the Almighty God to look down upon this torn and sinful Europe, to hear our prayer, to bless His Word, and to rescue the suffering human beings out of Satan's clutches, that His Name may be glorified, and souls for whom Christ has shed His precious blood may not go down to everlasting destruction, but may be saved, to live and to rejoice for ever.

Your laborer in Austria,

EMMY H. STEYRER.

From the Diary of Dr. Yuk

July 9, 1948.—Today brings the end of the month's armistice. It has been prolonged, I hear, for three days more, in order to give the members of the "Truce Commission" an opportunity to withdraw from Palestine. And so, in all probability, after three days the war will begin again, with all its attendant horrors. When it will really come to an end, and how it will end, no one knows. However, this is not altogether accurate. There is One, who holds in His hands the past, the present and the future. He knows when and how this first war of Israel's will end. He who reads and ponders on the Bible will also know the future, at least in its general outlines.

July 11th, Sunday.—The Arabs have lost no time. Today the Egyptian planes have bombed Tel Aviv several times. In the evening we had to hold our prayer-meeting in the home of the Dossik family. Their little house is of wood, without any defense against the bombs. A few hours before, the region around their house had been bombed. We had hardly knelt for prayer, when the bombing began again. It seemed that the bombs were bursting over the neighboring houses, somewhere very close to us. It was hard to concentrate. At any minute a bomb might strike the place where we were. Eternity suddenly became very near and real. During those moments, when the bombs were bursting, we experienced a trial of our faith in that God, by whom "the very hairs of our heads are all numbered." While we prayed, the bombs were bursting, and when we finished praying, the bomb-

ing also stopped for the time being. I believe that unseen powers were contending above us, guiding every bomb to its appointed mark. In the evening that passage from the Bible revealed itself to me: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Romans 8.31.) That is exactly what I felt at the time of the bombing. "For and against."

In Jerusalem, the Arabs have occupied that part of the city where a good many Russians lived, and have killed a number of them. The husband and son (both unbelievers) of one of our Russian sisters in Christ, were slain by the Arabs. One of the Arabs laid hold upon this sister herself, and, constantly demanding "*massari*" (money) of her, was dragging her across the yard, in order to make an end of her also. At that time the Hebrew troops were firing heavily at that very place, where this scene was being enacted. Suddenly a shell landed only a few paces away. The Arab, who was dragging the woman off in order to kill her, was himself killed on the spot, while the sister, close beside him, remained alive. "For us and against us."

After her whole family had been killed, this sister was left alone, and locked herself in the house, because the fighting was going on all around her. The Arabs had taken up a position on the roof of one house, and the Hebrews on the roof of the house opposite to it. Between these two houses was a yard. Anyone who showed himself in this yard ran the risk of death. This sister did not go out for several days; but she had hardly anything to eat, and no water at all, since it was drawn from the well in the yard. The water had to be drawn by means of an iron pump, which made a great deal of noise whenever it was used.

The sister endured the lack of food fairly well, but she was tormented by a terrible thirst. To go into the yard for water, even at night, was to go to inevitable death. She prayed that God would give her water, as her thirst was unbearable. Once in the night she heard a voice: "Go, draw the water, do not be afraid." But she could not make up her mind to do so: the noise from the well would at once be heard, and they would begin to fire at her from the roofs. But the voice repeated its message. Her mind was made up. Very quietly she went out of the house, stole over to the well, and, with swiftly beating heart, began to draw the water. At that very moment the great clock in the neighboring church-tower began to strike, and drowned out the noise of the well. When the sister had finished drawing the water, and was returning to the house, the clock ceased to sound.

(*To be continued*)

JAMES YUK.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO READ the whole of Dr. Yuk's brochure, "Israel in the Holy Land Today and the Coming of Christ," from which these extracts are taken? To order this publication, which is now ready, send one dollar and your name and address to the American-European Fellowship, 15 Philipse Place, Yonkers 3, N. Y. Inasmuch as all proceeds of the sale of this book go to the work of Dr. Yuk's clinic in Tel Aviv, no free copies are being given out, even to our most generous friends.

Thoughts from Czechoslovakia

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words" (I Thessalonians 4.18). We are very thankful for the above words, in their full meaning, with regard to the soon coming of the Lord Jesus. Indeed, we have plenty of

reason for mutual encouragement. We have been greatly cheered by the greetings received from time to time, expressing love, care and interest in the work here. There is a time of increased testing coming upon us. We cannot be blind to what is going on around us, as it indicates what is coming. You dear ones, who pray for us, perhaps do not realize what we face. We do not speak of these things, except as a challenge to prayer. The developments indicate how far the hands of God's clock are already advanced, how short the time is which remains.

In order not to show partiality, all religious organizations have been ordered to "ask" for State registry, thus also surrendering all rights, even such societies as have heretofore refused State support. The next step will be to amalgamate to suit the purpose of the State, eliminating the "unnecessary" duplication of work and workers. Just how this will be handled, the near future will show. Since the beginning of our efforts here, we have not felt called upon to propagate any special church, or start any new organization. There has already been too much of this done here. That makes us stand outside the scope of the present program, and enables us to carry on the evangelization, until some other ruling may be given.

Just how nicely things can be "worked" is seen from the present registering for ration-tickets for textiles and manufactured goods, like shoes, etc. Some, like bed-linen, can be had only on personal apportionment, for those who are deemed entitled to receive them. Of course, workers will have first place and consideration, and will get also the textile ration tickets. All who are not under a service contract, including independent artisans, shopkeepers or professional men, will be excluded from the benefit of the ration tickets. That means they will have to buy in the State-owned stores, where ration-free goods can be bought—at several times the regular prices. Thus we saw in a show-window a pair of pajamas costing more than forty dollars; and other things are in proportion.

It looks so nice in reports that there is a hunger for the Word! Often such reports come from circles where the Word has been presented, leaving the impression that the desire is general. But how about the untouched masses—can they desire what they have not even heard of? This is continually impressed on us, as we meet new faces, as for instance in a certain village last night. I say "faces" advisedly, for their bewilderment was strikingly apparent at what they had heard, as if it was from another world—and to them it was. We tried to explain John 1.1-5 in the most simple way, with illustrations, yet the very reality of the presentation seemed to stun them.

Where believers do gather, it is all enthusiasm, and many nice things could be said about the way we have been received, in packed meetings. But I could not help asking them: "Why are there no unbelievers among you? Why have they not been brought in?" They might allege that they were unprepared for the occasion. But if one class of people got the news, why did they not invite others? It is easy to brag about believers—why don't they show fruit? One who claimed to be already "perfect" upbraided me for asking prayer on our behalf, for, as she maintained: "In Christ we have everything, and it looks beggarly to ask for prayers"! No wonder she did not bring unbelievers with her. We prefer to go to the unreached, who have no testimony nor stumbling-blocks. The fruit is not always hanging ripe for the picking.

As important as it is to give out the Gospel, just so important it is to carry on the battle of prayer, and therein we look to you. Thank you for all you have done for us thus far, and we trust you will carry on, till we meet in victory.

Yours by Grace,
CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

A Summer's Work in South America

Swiftly and imperceptibly our South American summer has glided away. One plans many things, but does not succeed in carrying them out. Thus also life itself swiftly passes by. We may join in the prayer of Moses, the man of God: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalm 90.12).

Early in the spring, at the beginning of October, we journeyed with God's help to the neighboring republic of Uruguay. Our brethren there have been urging us to visit their wide and spacious field. We spent a whole month there, holding meetings in various places, and visiting the homes. Everywhere the Lord was with us, and wonderfully guided, helped and blessed us. Physically I was often exhausted, but spiritually I received much joy in fellowship with the children of God, and in the labor in His vineyard.

Besides our usual meetings, we had two especially joyful occasions, very well attended, in the colony of Flores, when two marriages were celebrated. Both bridegrooms were from the republic of Argentina, two young brothers, members of the church in Berisso. The brides were two young sisters, members of the church in Flores. Such ceremonies draw many people, especially the young, and thus offer a wonderful opportunity to preach the Gospel. The two marriages were not celebrated on the same day, but at different times, so that the joy was twofold. Our main aim, in all instances, is expressed in Colossians 3.17: "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." The Lord was with us, and we rejoiced greatly.

On returning once more to the large center of our work, in the capital, Buenos Aires, and its environs, we again saw how great our field of labor is, and how it is constantly increasing. The number of Russian immigrants, the so-called "D.P.'s" from the various camps in Europe, is steadily growing larger. The work among them offers a splendid opportunity. The hall built by our central church for meetings, in the suburbs of Buenos Aires, where a great many of these immigrants live, is very useful at the present time, as we are holding regular meetings there. In seven different places in the city and its suburbs, where there is a large Slavonic population, regular meetings and Sunday Schools are being held.

Besides this central work, we have our independent churches in remote parts of Argentina, which belong to our general organization in this republic. We also have the Slavonic Union of the Evangelical Christians and Baptists in the republics of La Plata, including all the churches of Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay. From time to time, special conferences are held. Twice I visited the distant province of Mendoza; the second time, eight persons were baptized and joined the church. We had many meetings of invitation and edification.

In the city of Chivilkoy, there are a number of Slavonic believers and other settlers. A new society has been organized there, with thirty members, which is a branch of our central church. Regular meetings are held, and it is important to visit this new group, even if only once a month.

And so we ask all our friends to pray for us and our vast field of labor among the Slavonic population here, that the Lord may give us strength and blessing in the labor on His harvest field.

Yours in His service,

JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

Salvation of a Robber Band

The little "Greasy" soon became the darling of all the robbers, and served them for a pastime. He became very much interested in their adventures, and impatiently looked forward to their bringing in each new store of loot. Day by day he became more familiar with the new life, and soon forgot what his parents had once taught him about the sin of stealing. It even became a pleasure to him to inspect the things that had been stolen, and to listen to the tales of the robbers when they returned from their "work," as they were pleased to call their evil trade.

By the time eight years had passed, the sixteen-year-old "Greasy" was taking a lively part in the robberies and plunderings of the band. Because of his bravery, cleverness, and ability, he soon became the helper of their leader. Their work terrorized the inhabitants for a region of some seventy-five miles around. The deep woods made it possible for the robbers to carry on their work without being disturbed. It seemed as if nobody could trace out and put a stop to their activities. They robbed everybody who fell into their hands, and not seldom committed murder.

But everything has its own time. One very simple case brought about a complete change in the lives of the robbers. A certain part of the band, with "Greasy" as their leader, overtook two men passing through the woods, killed and robbed them. The robbers took the horses, the clothing, and the boots of the murdered men for themselves, besides three roubles and fifty kopeks. In one of the sacks, along with various kinds of equipment, they found two books. On the spur of the moment, the men were going to throw the books away, but considered it would be better to take them along for cigarette-paper, so "Greasy" tucked the books in among his things.

In the evening, after looking once more over the goods they had stolen during the day, he pulled out the books and began to leaf through them. One of the books had a title which was unfamiliar to him, "The Voice of Faith"; the other was a New Testament. Concerning the latter he had a faint recollection from childhood: his parents also used to have a New Testament in Sosnovka. Lying in his bunk, "Greasy," to pass away the time, began to read the passages which he came upon at a chance opening of the book. There he read: "There is none that seeketh after God . . . their throat is an open sepulchre, with their tongues they have used deceit: their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes" (Romans 3.11-18).

He reflected, "In former times there were also people who were like us today—'Their feet are swift to shed blood.'" In his mind there appeared the picture of how they, the robbers, had on their swift horses pursued the fleeing travellers, and how, though the men pleaded for their lives, they had slain them without mercy. As he remembered this, a strange feeling came over him, and he considered further: "Who may those people have been? Why did they carry this book with them?" He began to leaf through the New Testament in the hope of finding some information about the murdered ones, but he found nothing that contained a clue as to who they were. Only on the flyleaf he read the following inscription: "May 15, 1898, the day of conversion to the Lord, my repentance and new birth. On this day He forgave my sins and washed me with His holy blood."

"Greasy" did not understand the meaning of these words. He turned some more pages, and read on: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" Thereupon he read the subsequent enumeration

of various abominations, and the summarizing words: "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and the Spirit of our God" (I Corinthians 6.9-11).

Afterwards he read the prayer of the man who said: "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold" (Luke 19.8). He turned a few leaves, and was gripped by the reading of the twenty-third chapter of the Gospel of Luke, in which the crucifixion of Jesus is described. It was of special interest to him that two murderers were crucified with Christ, and that the one who repented and confessed his sins was forgiven by Jesus and promised entrance to Paradise.

"Greasy" shut the book and laid it under his pillow. Then, rolling himself in his covers, he tried to sleep, but sleep would not come to him. His heart was very much disturbed; all efforts to put away the thoughts crowding upon his mind were useless. Over and over there rose before him the picture of how the two travellers, on their knees, had pleaded to be spared.

(*To be continued*)

The Call to Heaven of a Six-Year-Old Boy

by Pastor Bernhard Götze

Time hastens on. Oswald is now five and a half years of age. In body, now as before, he has grown splendidly. His peculiar beauty has increased, and he has become much more beloved by his friends. Once, on my return from a missionary journey, I hear that the little boy is converted. To everyone who wished to hear the story of his conversion he related it quite frankly. He had experienced something, and he could tell it to others.

So I ask him about his conversion. In the daily family worship he had heard often enough the meaning of conversion, and in his susceptible little heart the word had taken root. And now my child relates to me his experience. "You see, Papa, when you were away one Sunday afternoon, Mamma went to the meeting. I went into the other room, locked the door so that nobody could come in, and asked the dear Saviour to cross out in the big book all the bad things I had done, and to give me a clean heart. At first the dear Saviour would not do it. Then I prayed again and He did it. I said 'Amen,' and now I am converted."

After this experience, my wife and I could not but thank the Lord that He is a Saviour of little children, and that He had so wonderfully saved our child.

Oswald, on account of his beauty and other gifts, was welcome not only amongst grown-up people, but also amongst the children he was a favorite. To many readers the following incident from the life of the "little Elijah," as we will call him, may seem strange: someone even wished to buy him. A rich but childless married couple, who deeply missed the warm sunshine of sweet children's laughter in their richly furnished home, often applied to me to let them have Oswald as their own child. When I quite distinctly and decidedly refused, money was offered me to give up Oswald, on condition that they might regard him as their own child. That we decidedly declined this offer to take money for our child, everybody will understand, even those who have no children.

But in order to see what Oswald would say to this proposal, one day I told him of it in the following way: "Oswald, Uncle N. wishes to buy you. He will give me ever so much money for you, and you will be his little boy. You will be able to visit us often, but you will live with Uncle. I shall then

be your Uncle and Mamma your Aunt, while that Uncle will be your Papa, and that Aunt your Mamma. If I sell you to Uncle, you will always have good food, new clothes and many beautiful toys, you will live in a fine house and always have everything you want."

Oswald listened and did not speak, but was very serious, and tears were in his eyes. I, therefore, did not continue the subject. However, to Oswald this conversation was not ended, for after I left him, with a very heavy heart, he turned to his mother and said: "Mamma, tell Papa that he must not sell me. I do not want any new clothes and beautiful toys. I will eat just what you have, but I will be your boy." That he remained so, there is no need to mention.

We write the year 1917. I have taken leave of my dear ones at home for some time, to go on a missionary journey far away to the south, to serve the Lord. I left my family in good health, and hoped to find them the same on my return. But I receive disquieting news from home. Oswald is ill with scarlet fever, sickness has entered my home. In every letter I hope to hear that the cloud has lifted, but in vain. The scarlet fever is at last overcome, but other diseases follow. The poor mother can scarcely keep up. Every night two young friends belonging to our church come to keep watch at his bedside, and to attend to the little sufferer, so that the mother can sleep and regain her strength.

My travels ended, I arrived home safely. In our home the storms of God's visitation are blowing. I have seen my little boy again. How he has changed,—so pitiable and ill! He is covered with painful sores, so that there is scarcely a clear spot on his body. One does not know how to touch him. In addition, he suffers violent pain. Every fifteen or twenty minutes he has to be laid on another bed, as the cooler condition somewhat eases him. When feverish, he is often playing with the angels, or fighting with the devil. Once, after coming to himself, he related to me the following: "I have seen such beautiful white angels! On their heads they all had golden crowns. The angels wanted to carry me through a great gate into heaven, but the dear Saviour said to them: 'Angels, do not carry Oswald to heaven yet! He is still too heavy.' Then the dear Saviour came to me and said, 'Oswald, wait a little while. I shall soon come and fetch you.'" He is quite unwilling to wait, for he would like so much to go to the Saviour. When he prays he does not ask for health, but for a clean heart. Then he never forgets to include the poor in his prayer, that the Lord would give them bread.

So day after day passes. There is no decided change for better or worse. The brethren and sisters in the village take an active interest in our welfare, and help us where they can. The sisters very faithfully attend to the night nursing. Oswald is often restless day and night. His little body is quite wasted, only skin and bone remain. What am I to do? The Mission work is waiting, and yet I cannot go away from my dying child. I could do no other than call upon the Lord in prayer and fasting to turn the illness of the child in some direction so that I can resume and continue the interrupted work. Now I am comforted and at rest, for the Lord will answer me. At once I received an invitation from the brethren and sisters in P. to preach at a harvest thanksgiving service. If possible, I shall drive.

I remain another week at home, and the crisis now seems to have come. Oswald of late has been much more restful, and it almost seems as if he might recover.

(To be concluded)

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—June and July, 1949
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

33325--$20.00	33353---$7.88	33381---$1.00	33409--$11.00
33326----1.00	33354----1.00	33382---10.00	33410----1.00
33327---10.00	33355----1.00	33383----2.00	33411----2.00
33328----8.60	33356---75.00	33384----1.00	33412--100.00
33329---50.00	33357----1.00	33385----1.00	33413---15.00
33330----1.00	33358----1.00	33386---25.00	33414-----.10
33331--150.00	33359-----.50	33387--315.00	33415----1.00
33332---50.00	33360----7.00	33388---10.00	33416---35.00
33333---40.00	33361---11.00	33389----3.00	33417---30.36
33334----5.00	33362---20.00	33390---50.00	33418---60.00
33335----2.00	33363---10.00	33391----1.00	33419----2.00
33336---16.00	33364---35.00	33392----7.00	33420---10.00
33337---10.00	33365----1.00	33393----1.00	33421----2.50
33338---10.00	33366---10.00	33394----6.00	33422----5.00
33339----2.50	33367----2.00	33395---10.00	33423---25.00
33340---75.00	33368---15.00	33396---10.00	33424---25.00
33341----2.00	33369----2.00	33397---18.75	33425----1.00
33342---15.00	33370---50.00	33398----5.00	33426----2.00
33343---50.00	33371---15.00	33399----2.00	33427---20.00
33344----5.00	33372--903.02	33400----3.00	33428----1.00
33345---15.00	33373----1.00	33401----8.00	33429----1.00
33346---25.00	33374----2.00	33402----4.00	33430----1.50
33347----1.00	33375---10.00	33403----5.00	33431---10.00
33348----7.00	33376---23.00	33404----1.00	33432----2.37
33349----1.00	33377---75.00	33405----5.00	33433---21.00
33350--100.00	33378---50.00	33406---10.00	33434----1.00
33351---10.00	33379---35.00	33407---11.00	33435---10.00
33352----1.00	33380---75.00	33408---14.50	33436---10.00

"THE SUMMER SOLDIER and the Sunshine Patriot" were coined originally as derogatory terms, referring to people whose loyalty only lasted as long as the weather was fair. But we would like to give them a higher meaning. May they not be applied to those friends who have remembered that in summer our gifts always fall off, but our needs still remain unchanged? In spite of hot weather, vacations, etc., these "summer soldiers" have sent in their contributions. Are you one of them? If not, will you join them?

PRICES ARE STILL HIGH, but efficient missionary service through the American-European Fellowship is within reach of everyone's purse. Why? Because we make no profits, we have no waste, every dollar is used economically. From gifts designated for individual missionaries, not a penny is deducted for our overhead expenses and costs of handling. Remember, "Your dollar goes further when given for the American-European Fellowship."

CARE now features a Junior Thrift Package, containing an assortment of foods, at $5.50, and a lard package at $4.00. Orders may be placed through the Fellowship (checks should be made out to us, not to CARE).

A READER'S COMMENT.—"Dear Dr. Smith: The May-June number of the HARVEST FIELD is here beside me, and what a splendid magazine it is! Maybe I think it the best to date, because I like to 'read' pictures, but the way your characters are presented brings them very near to us. And the story of little Oswald! Well, it all makes my offering seem very, very small, but here it is, with earnest prayer for rich blessing upon your precious work in His Name.—D. W."